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THE MAN WITH THE BRANDED HAND.

An Authentic Sketch of the

Life and Services of

CAPT. JONATHAN WALKER

BY

FRANK EDWARD KITTREDGE.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALSO A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE

DOUGLASS MONUMENT.

1899.

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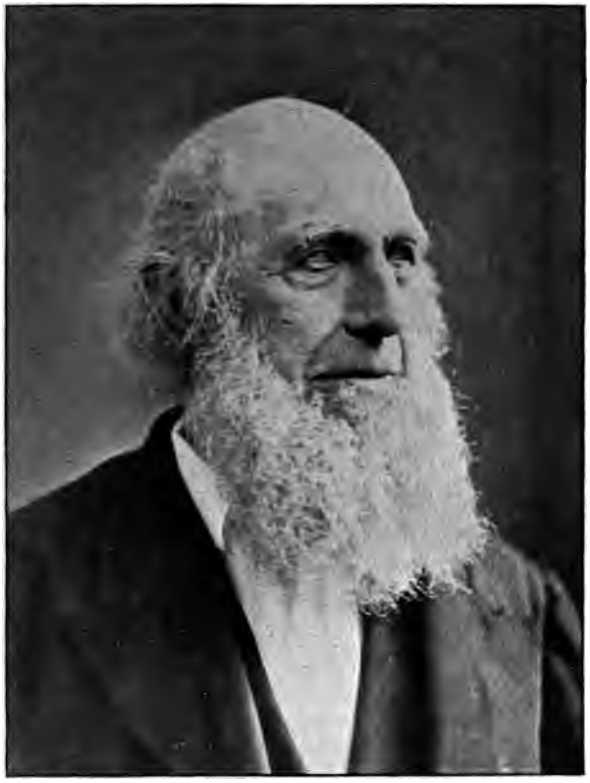

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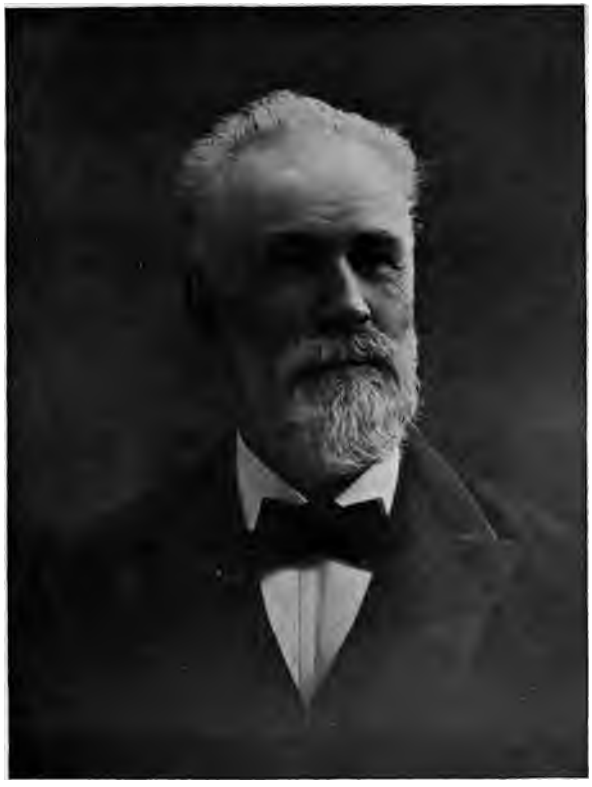

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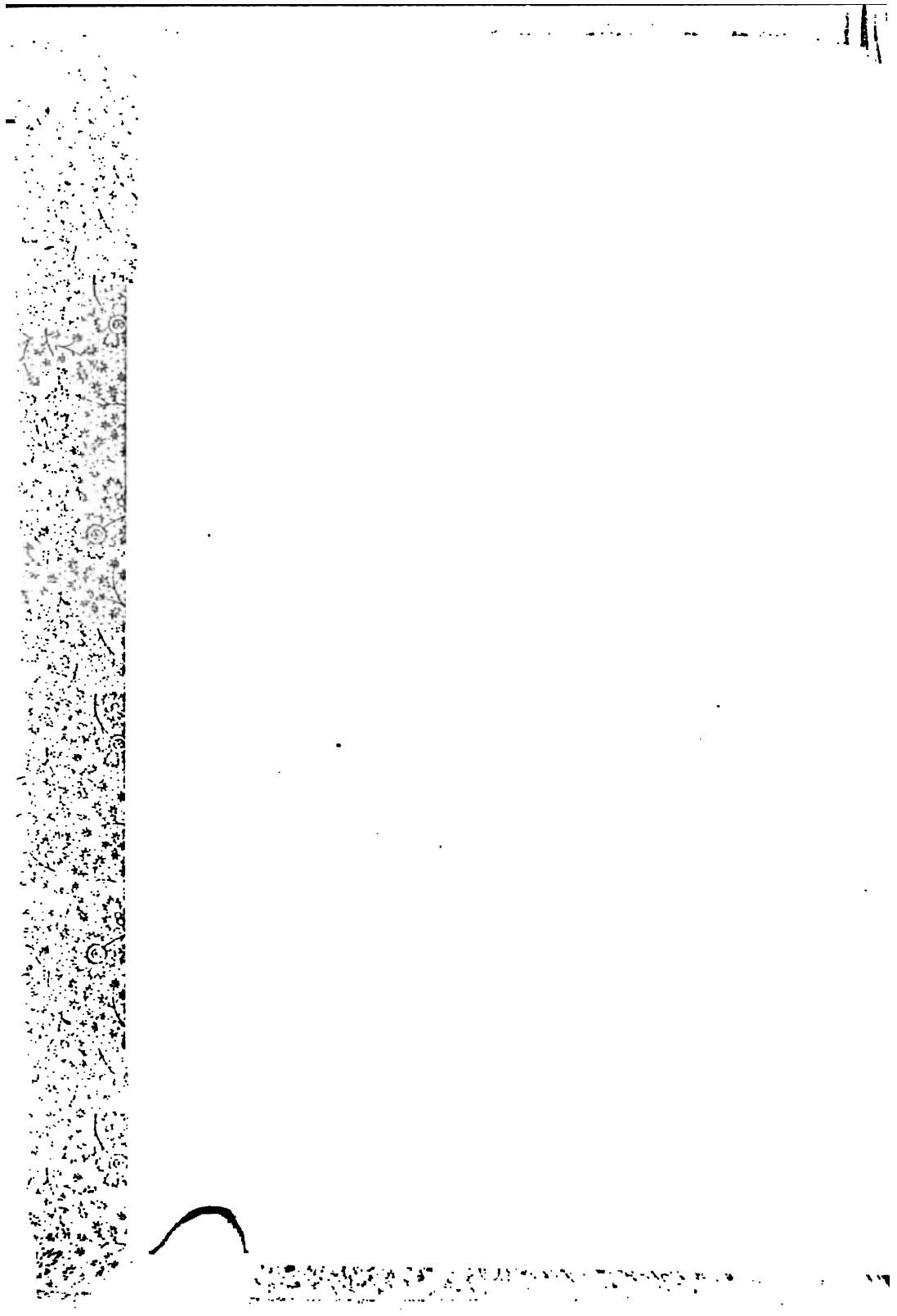

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LOVERS OF FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND HUMANITY,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The author believes that this interesting and important history concerning the life, character and services of Capt. Jonathan Walker, with which the public hitherto has been unacquainted but which is here given in authentic form, will prove to be a valuable and permanent contribution to anti-slavery literature, and that it also fully explains and interprets Whittier's famous and soul-stirring poem, "The Branded Hand." Capt. Walker belonged to a noble and heroic band of reformers who have now passed away, and it is fitting that the more prominent figures should be here grouped together as a forcible reminder of the truth, that high moral ideals and undying loyalty to principle are the only permanently abiding forces which give to humanity its crowning charm.

The younger generations, especially, should be made familiar with the causes and events which led up to the Civil War and culminated in President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The future historian will take into the account the important services rendered to the sacred cause of liberty by Capt. Jonathan Walker and his noble band of compatriots.

The picture of "The Branded Hand" which appears in this book, is taken from an original daguerreotype now in possession of Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, of Boston, who kindly furnished the author with a faithful fac-simile. Capt. Walker had the daguerreotype taken soon after the branding, at the request of Dr. Bowditch's father.

F. E. K.

Albion, N. Y., May, 1899.

THE MAN WITH THE BRANDED HAND.

Whittier has immortalized in verse the Man with the Branded Hand. Thousands have read this soul-stirring poem, which first appeared in 1846, and have been moved to deep feeling by its sentiment, without any knowledge of the circumstances which called it out, or even of the name of the man to whom it alludes.

Yet there is an interesting history connected with this brave man, the unnamed hero of the poet's verse, which is well worth recording, and which the younger generation, especially, needs to learn in order better to understand and more fully to appreciate the nature of the services rendered to the cause of freedom by those charter members of the old anti-slavery society, who, with a courage which recognized no defeat, and with a firm reliance on the everlasting justice of their principles, pressed forward undismayed amid obloquy and scorn to hasten the coming of humanity's brighter day. No complete history of the causes which gradually led up to the Civil War can be written, without according to such fearless agitators as Jonathan Walker their full meed of praise. These men were heroes of the fibre of which martyrs are made. The world owes them a debt of gratitude none the less because their deeds were unaccompanied by the pomp and circumstance of war, but were performed in a humble way.

The history of Captain Jonathan Walker's brave exploits and of his unyielding devotion to the motto of his life, "Ever Save, never Surrender the Slave," would

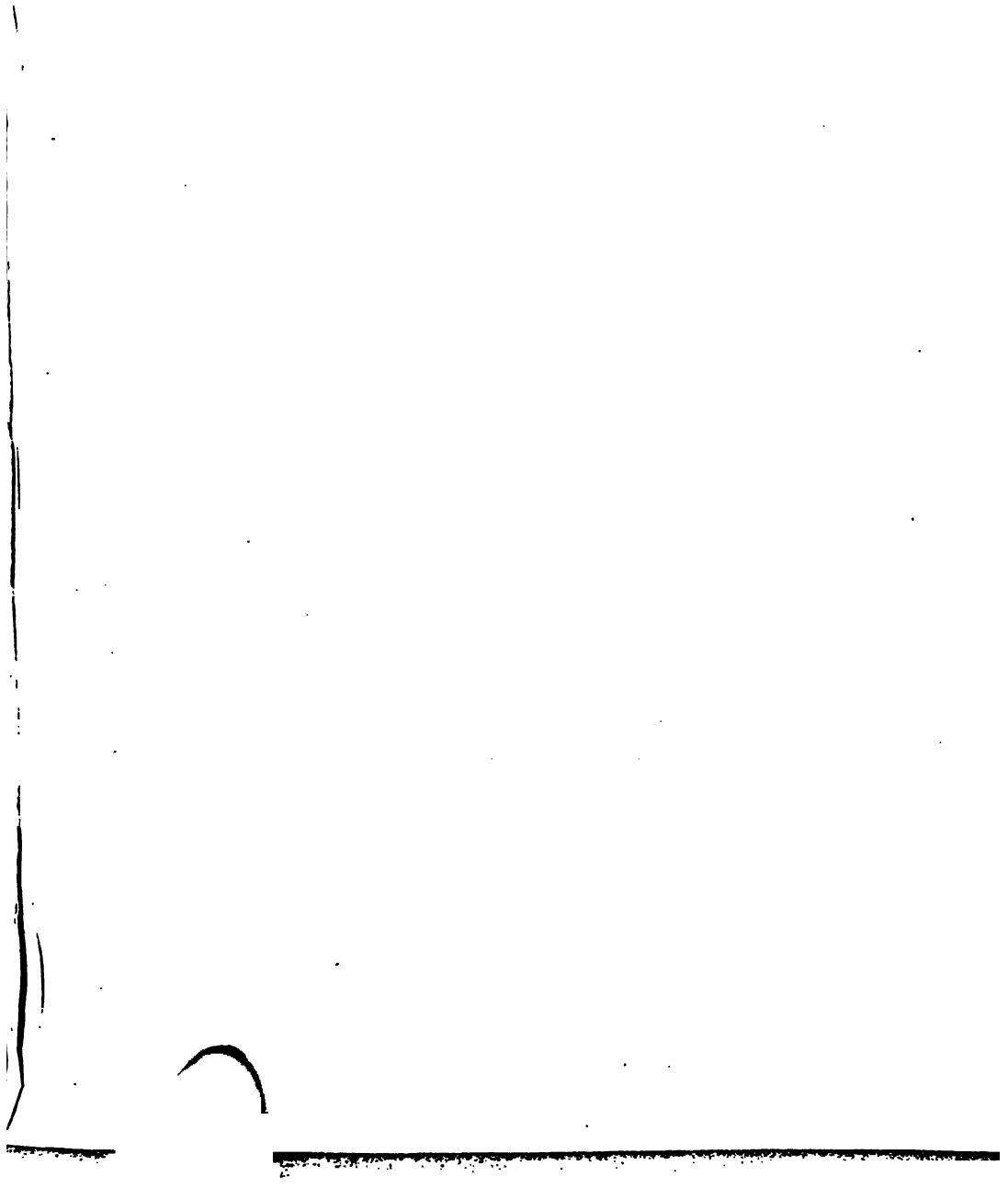
have been written long ago but for his modesty, which shrank from publicity, so that during his lifetime he preferred the approval of his own conscience to the plaudits of his fellow men. But since his death, which occurred in 1878, the writer, who was his personal friend, was present at his death-bed, and spoke the word of tribute at his funeral, has had access to his papers and correspondence, and from these and other sources, including statements from his own lips, is able to bring together many interesting facts concerning him.

Jonathan Walker was born in Harwich, Mass., on Cape Cod, March 22, 1799, the same year that George Washington died. His boyhood was spent on the sandy farms of his parents and grandparents. In 1816 he went to sea, and in 1818 was landed from a ship on an island in the Indian ocean, eight thousand miles from home, where he spent twenty-one days in a bamboo hut, in extreme sickness, with no friend near him who could speak the English language. From 1818 to 1835 he divided his time between the shipyard and the sea. In 1835 he went to Mexico to assist in colonizing American colored citizens who had escaped from their masters. In 1836 his vessel was grounded on the Mexican coast, where he was wounded and robbed by pirates.

It was about the year 1832 that the "underground railroad" was established, whereby slaves in the South wishing to escape from bondage were assisted to a Canaan of freedom. Captain Jonathan Walker was one of the conductors on this route, although William Lloyd Garrison had been ten years in the field previous to Walker's appearance upon the stage of action. For six years previous to 1844, he, with his family, had resided in Florida. He had become familiar with all the insti-

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



tutions of slavery from the Ohio river to the Gulf of Mexico. One day in 1844 four intelligent blacks, who had previously ascertained his anti-slavery proclivities, approached him with these words:

"Captain, did you ever think how sweet our freedom would be to us? Do you know that if we had the privilege of fighting for it as the revolutionary fathers had, how gladly we would avail ourselves of the blessed opportunity?"

Stopping a moment to think, weighing the risks that would attend his course, he replied:

"Meet me at midnight on the shore below the city, and by God's help, I will do my best to assist you to a land of freedom."

When night came the plan was consummated. Securing the necessary provisions, they pushed off in an open boat, that they might pass Tortugas and Key West with less danger of observation. Carrying the quenchless torch of liberty in their breasts, these men were willing to brave eight hundred miles of open sea, and to traverse the weary distance from Pensacola to the Bahama Islands. They safely passed Florida Keys, and hope grew strong within each breast. "Four days more, my lads," said Captain Walker, "and I will have you safe beneath the British flag." But though stout of heart and limb, he found it impossible to withstand the midday heat of the tropic climate, and before the end of the voyage was reached he pitched forward senseless into the bottom of the boat. The four blacks were seized with consternation, as they were ignorant of the first principles of navigation or the management of a boat in an open sea beyond the sight of land. But with hearts full of gratitude to him who had risked his life

to rescue them from their thraldom, and whom they supposed to be dead, they placed him in the most protected part of the boat, and throwing a piece of canvas over him, abandoned themselves to their fate, drifting helplessly and hopelessly wherever a capricious wind or tide might carry them. In this condition they were found by a United States revenue cutter, which had been sent in pursuit.

The slaves were returned to their masters, and Captain Walker was seized and ironed, his vessel confiscated and he imprisoned in Florida, on the charge of assisting negroes to gain their freedom. He remained in prison, in solitary confinement, for one year, when he was brought before the United States court for trial.

Among his papers, I find the following interesting document. After minutely describing seven negro slaves, and offering a reward of $1,700 for their apprehension and delivery at Pensacola, it continues as follows:

"Jonathan Walker is from or about Cape Cod or Nantucket, where he has a wife and several children, from whom he is said to have been absent about two years, without any apparent necessity. He is a man of large frame, about six feet high, with dark hair and dark complexion, a suspicious countenance, slouchy person, stooping shoulders, and a swinging, rolling gait,—is lame in one arm from a gunshot wound, as he says, received from robbers on the coast of Mexico, where he was trading some years ago in a small sloop. He came to this city about three weeks since from sea in a whaleboat, he said, from Mobile. He seems to have had no reasonable or proper business here. His boat is about twenty-five or thirty feet long, with plenty of beam, clinker built, and very light. When she came here she had three oars and was schooner rigged, with fore and main sprit-sails—hull and spars painted green—the inside of the boat lead color. He hired board and lodging of a colored woman, whose

lot runs to the beach, and hauled up his boat to be worked upon under the shade of trees in the lot. For several days he employed himself in making an additional sail for his boat, which was either a very large jib or square sail, two additional oars and two paddles, lockers or water-tight boxes to fit in the bow and stern, and under thwarts. He laid in on Wednesday last, nearly two barrels of bread, about 120 pounds of pork and bacon, a keg of molasses, a cheese and some other articles of mess stores, a compass and a binnacle lantern, and a barrel and a demijohn of water. On Thursday, his boat being provisioned and equipped as above, he set sail, but instead of going to sea, stood up the bay. Before sunrise, on Friday morning, he was seen close under the land inside of Santa Rosa Island, abreast of Town Point, by two fishermen from the Navy Yard, who asked him where he was going. He said to Mobile, but inquired where he could get water, and was told near by on Santa Rosa by the sand hills. He immediately set sail and steered towards the place indicated; but soon altered his course to nearly the opposite direction, and when last seen by the fishermen, about an hour afterwards, was standing up the bay. On Saturday he was seen beating down the bay, and that night the negroes disappeared; and neither Walker, nor the boat, nor the negroes have been seen here since—excepting that Silas and Harry were seen and recognized by some servants very late (say 11 o'clock) that night, passing down a street towards the Navy Yard, and Leonard was seen by Monroe and Jacob in his quarters, at the yard, about two hours before day on Sunday morning. The slaves have taken most of their clothes, and largely of their winter clothing, as if going to a Northern climate. From these and other circumstances, the belief exists that said Jonathan Walker has carried these slaves off in his boat. And therefore, for his apprehension and conviction of said offence, the subscribers will pay a further reward of One Thousand Dollars."

R. C. Caldwell,
Geo. Willis, by
Jos. Quigles, Agent.

Pensacola, June 25, 1844.

The Pensacola *Gazette*, of July 20th following, said that the United States steamer *General Taylor*, Lieut. Com. E. Farrand, arrived there on Thursday evening from Key West, bringing as a prisoner Jonathan Walker, charged with having recently abducted the seven negro slaves belonging to Messrs. Willis & Caldwell, under a commitment from the civil authority, and on being taken before the United States District Judge, the court being in session, was immediately remanded to prison, on failing to give the necessary bail, to await his trial at the next term of the court. When the prisoner landed on the wharf, the crowd was immense; and as he was escorted to the court house by the deputy marshal, the crowd thronged the streets and sidewalks, and the court room was filled to overflowing by a highly excited mass of people." The *Gazette* adds that "The judge had determined to hold a special court for the trial of Walker in a few days. No doubt his punishment will be severe."

In a letter to his wife, after his capture, Walker writes as follows:

"Pensacola, July 29, 1844.

"*Dear Wife and Children:*

"I am privileged by the mercy of God the Father, of writing to you once more, but not in the situation I should choose. About the time of my last letter I had arranged to take some passengers to Nassau, New Providence, a British island, eastward from Cape Florida. On the 23d of June I started, with seven colored people, though quite unwell, as I had been for two days. On the sixth day out, I did not expect to live another twenty-four hours; my disease being intermittent fever and internal canker,—and such hot weather I never in my life saw before. We proceeded down the coast till July 8th, when we were overhauled by a wrecker, the sloop Catharine, from Key West, and by force taken to that port. Then I was carried

before a Justice of the Peace, and thence to a jail, where I was kept four days. Then I was put down into the hold of a steamboat, among rubbish and filth, the heat being extreme, placed in heavy irons, both hands and feet, and kept six days, in which time the vessel steamed to Pensacola. There I was taken to court, and from thence again to jail, where I now am, secured to a large ring-bolt by a chain made of half-inch iron, with a shackle around my ankle, which weighs five pounds.

"Jane, what will become of you and the children? I have lost all of the little I had here, and am confident that at this time you and the children are in want. Send to Fall River and get the little money due there, and do as well as you can. The Lord Jesus has been abundantly good to me in my afflictions; and I am sure he will accompany me through, for I cannot let Him go. Dear wife and children, trust in Him to aid you."

To his aged parents he wrote:

"O my dear old father and mother, do not worry about me. I am in good spirits, and shall weather the storm."

But what a storm it proved to be! and through what a baptism of fire he was called to pass! When captured, he was too ill to walk without the support of two strong men, and even on his way to prison he would have been lynched by the frenzied crowd but for the persistent determination of the sheriff and his deputy, who, with drawn revolvers, kept the infuriated mob at bay. Finally, after months of imprisonment in a cell without a chair, bed or table, and with only the hard, foul and damp floor as a resting place, with twenty pounds of iron chain and shackle riveted on his weak and aching limbs, the trial came, and with it the sentence. And this was the sentence of the court: That he should be taken from the prison, placed one hour in the pillory on the public highway and pelted with rotten eggs. From thence he should be returned to his

cell, to the bars of which his right hand should be lashed, in the palm of which should be burned with a red-hot branding iron a large double S, signifying slave stealer. In addition he was sentenced to one year in prison for each slave, seven in all, six hundred dollars fine for each slave, and all the costs of the trial.

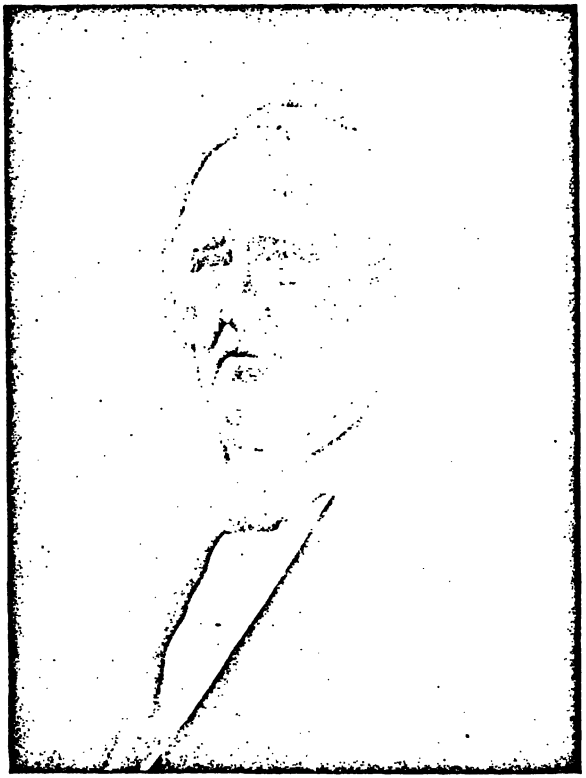
When the bad eggs were thrown, a boy in the crowd cried "Shame!" but one of the rabble rushed up to the pillory and tore off a bandage which had been put on to protect the face of the victim; and the boy was arrested and fined.

The trial of Jonathan Walker took place in a United States court; and the marshal for the Florida district at the time was Ebenezer Dorr, a native of Maine.

The branding iron was made for the occasion. The first blacksmith approached manfully refused. "No, sir," said he, "I make branding irons to brand horses, mules and cattle with; but to burn into the flesh of a fellow man,—by the living God I will not." Another blacksmith was found to make the iron but refused his forge to heat it when it came to be used. He swore there was but one fire in the universe fit to heat an iron for such a use. But at length the savage instrument of torture was brought to a white heat and sent hissing into the flesh of a hand which never harmed a human being, but was ever ready to succor the needy, the friendless and the outcast.

The letters S. S. Captain Walker himself used to call "the seal, the coat-of-arms, of the United States," and Whittier in his poem has made them mean "Slave Savior."

How great a change time has wrought in a half century! The slave pen and auction block have disappeared, men and women are no longer chattels to be



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

bartered because they chanced to be born black; and nowhere on American soil presses the foot of a single slave. What a contrast to the time when William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck, Parker Pillsbury rotten-egged in Rochester, Wendell Phillips mobbed in Cincinnati, Lovejoy shot in his own door in Alton, Jonathan Walker branded in Pensacola, and John Brown hanged at Harper's Ferry!

I make the following extract from one of Mr. Walker's letters to his granddaughter, descriptive of his sufferings while in Florida:

"The United States marshal for the Western District of Florida, an old acquaintance of mine from the State of Maine, took me in charge and provided me with snug quarters, heavy irons and a hard floor to lie and sit upon in the city jail, for which he charged me twenty-five dollars, rent, etc. It was in front of the court house on the west side of Polifex street, directly up from the wharf, where your grandfather was fastened in the U. S. pillory for one hour, and pelted with rotten eggs, and then taken into the court house and branded with the U. S. branding iron, after passing through the form of a trial in a United States court four months after my incarceration in Pensacola jail.

"Had any of my friends seen me in the first few weeks of my imprisonment, they would have hardly recognized me; and in fact I could hardly recognize myself. My sickness and the severe treatment I received reduced me very near to a skeleton, Many a time have I grasped round my leg above the knee joint, over my trousers, with one hand, so as to meet thumb and finger. The hungry and thirsty mosquitoes tried hard to draw a little support from the emaciated form of the prisoner, to but little purpose. Their bills were harmless, so far as pain was concerned, nor did they get much reward for their labor. Notwithstanding the eleven long and tedious months that rolled around and found me chained up in solitary confinement, joyful

expressions of sympathy met me there from various parts, and directly around me, and when your grandfather left that abode of suffering and disgrace, he left a respectable man even then, for it was abundantly evident that the act for which he was punished was performed under the best of motives, viz: *to deliver the oppressed from the hands of the oppressor.*"

From 1845 to 1849 Jonathan Walker devoted his time to lecturing on anti-slavery subjects, in various parts of the country. In 1863 he removed to Michigan, and settled at Lake Harbor, Muskegon County, on a small fruit farm, on the shore of Lake Michigan, where by dint of hard work he was able to make a comfortable living for himself and wife, until the autumn of 1877, when his health failed, and he gradually declined, the best medical skill seeming to be of no avail. On the 30th of April, 1878, he peacefully passed away at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years. He was buried in Evergreen cemetery at Muskegon.

Mr. Walker loved to tell, during his sickness, how much faith he had put in the "bank of humanity," and had never been cheated nor deceived. He found so much congenial work to do through all the years of his eventful life, in helping the poor and suffering around him, that his great sympathetic heart, which was as tender as a woman's, went out in love to all his fellow-men. Like Governor Andrew, "He never hated a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." He told me he never entertained hard feelings even toward the slaveholders, or those who used him so harshly.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, on learning that his relatives were unable to erect a suitable monument to his memory, his old friend, Rev. Photius Fisk, chaplain in the United States navy, living in Boston, generously

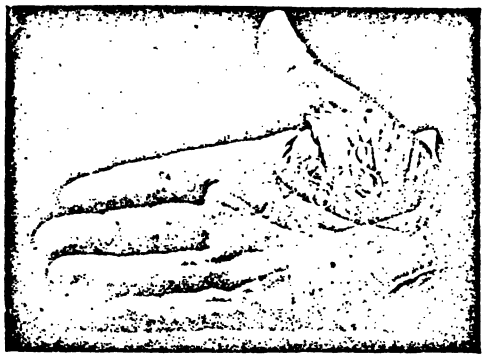
PHOTIUS FISK.

offered to provide one at his own expense. In due time the monument arrived safely at Muskegon, and on the first day of August, 1878,—the Emancipation day of the West Indies,—the unveiling ceremonies took place, in the presence of a vast concourse of people.

The monument stands ten feet high above the foundation, which shows five inches above the surface. The material is Hallowell granite, from Maine. It has the following inscription on the south face:

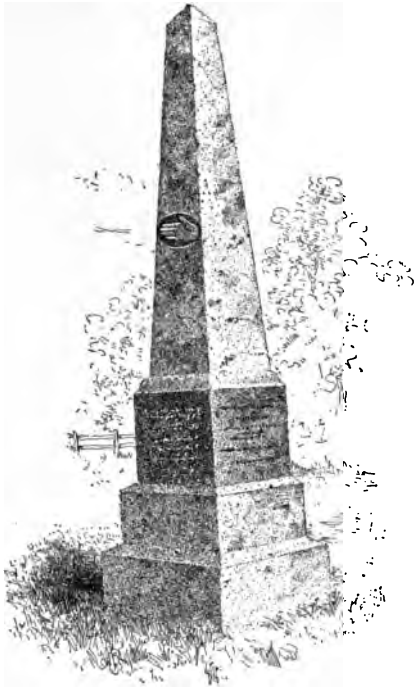
"This Monument is Erected
to the Memory of
CAPT. JONATHAN WALKER,
By his Anti-Slavery Friend,
PHOTIUS FISK,
Chaplain of the
United States Navy."

On the eastern face of the shaft is the following:



On the upper base, on the eastern side is the following:

"JONATHAN WALKER,
Born in Harwich, Mass.,
March 22, 1799.
Died in Lake Harbor, Muskegon
Co., Mich., April 30, 1878."



THE WALKER MONUMENT.

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THE WALKER MONUMENT.

On the north side is the following quotation from Whittier's poem:

"Then lift that manly right hand,
Bold ploughman of the wave;
Its branded palm shall prophesy
Salvation to the slave.
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
That whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
His sinews changed to steel."

The orator on the occasion of the unveiling ceremonies was Parker Pillsbury. His address was a masterly effort. It was confidently expected that both Whittier and Frederick Douglass would be present, but it proved impossible. Whittier sent the following letter:

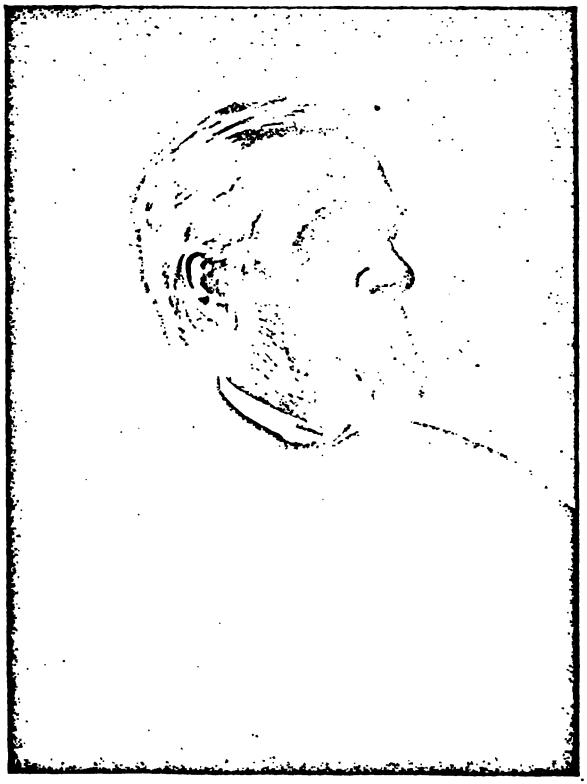
"Oak Hill, Danvers, 6 mo. 21, 1878.

"*Dear Friend:* —

"Immediately on receiving thy letter announcing Capt. W.'s death, I sent it to Garrison, with the suggestion that we should take measures for a monument. He came out to see me, and informed me that Rev. Photius Fisk, late chaplain in the U. S. Navy, had volunteered to give the monument himself. I presume it will not be ready so soon as the 4th of July. I don't think I could write anything without repeating my former poem on the same subject. I think Garrison would write something if requested. He tells me that the monument will be a costly and handsome one. He has suggested the inscription upon it. I hope the occasion of its erection will be one of great interest in your place.

Thine Truly,

"John G. Whittier."



PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Douglass's letter was as follows:

"United States Marshal's Office,
"Washington, D. C., July 15, 1878.

"*My dear Mr. Fisk:*

"I am reminded by a letter from our valued friend, Parker Pillsbury, that I have not yet written an answer to your letter inviting me to be present in Muskegon, Mich., on the first of August, and assist at the unveiling of the monument which you have nobly caused to be erected over the dust of the late Jonathan Walker. I deeply regret that my duties and appointments will compel me to decline your esteemed invitation.

"Yes, I knew Jonathan Walker, and knew him well; knew him to love him and to honor him as a true man, a friend to humanity, a brave but noiseless lover of liberty, not only for himself but for all men; one who possessed the qualities of a hero and martyr, and was ready to take any risks to his own safety and personal ease to save his fellow-men from slavery.

"It is meet and right that one who was such as he was should have his grave marked as you propose. His name deserves remembrance and should be mentioned with those of John Brown, Charles T. Torrey, William L. Chaplin, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Thompson, Work and Barr, Calvin Fairbanks, Abraham Lincoln, and other notable men who suffered at the hands of the slave power.

"Jonathan Walker is not less entitled to grateful memory than the most honored of them all. He was one who felt satisfied with the applause of his own soul. What he attempted was not intended to attract public notice.

"It was on the free, dashing billows of the Atlantic, when the voices of nature spoke to his soul with the grandest emphasis of love and truth; and responsive to those voices, as well as to those of his own heart, he welcomed the panting fugitives from slavery to the safety of his own deck,—though in doing so he exposed himself to stocks, prison, branding irons, and it might have been to death.

"I well remember the sensation produced by the exhibition

of his branded hand. It was one of the few atrocities of slavery that roused the justice and humanity of the North to a death struggle with slavery. Looking into his simple, honest face, it was easy to see that on such a countenance as his no trace of infamy could be made by stocks, stripes or branding irons. 'S. S.' meant at the South, slave stealer, but was read by the North and all civilized men everywhere as Slave Savior. His example of self-sacrifice nerved us all to more heroic endeavor in behalf of the slave.

"My dear sir, I feel it a great deprivation that I cannot be personally present with you on the first of August and assist in the ceremonies in honorable memory of true-hearted Jonathan Walker; but I shall be with you in spirit and purpose.

"Very Truly Yours,

"Fred'k Douglass."

Photius Fisk, the donor of the Walker monument, was a native Greek, his original name being Photius Kavascles. He was born on the island of Hylas, in the Grecian Archipelago, and was one of a family of five children, the whole family, excepting himself, having been swept off by a plague within a single week.

He was brought up and educated under the care of Rev. Pliny Fisk, an American missionary, who changed his name to Fisk. After studying in various institutions in this country, he was ordained as a Congregationalist minister, and preached for a time in Vermont. In 1842, aided by such men as John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings, he received the appointment of chaplain in the United States navy. The Walker monument was the fourth of the kind which his generous hand reared during his lifetime to the memory of those brave and true-hearted men who suffered and sacrificed in order to liberate their fellow-men from the cruel bonds of American slavery.

In analyzing the character of Capt. Jonathan Walker, it is not difficult to see that its most prominent trait was a rugged loyalty to principle, which nothing could swerve from the true orbit of his life. As the mariners' needle would not point so unvaryingly to the North but for some wonderful attraction centered there, so the polar star of duty guided Jonathan Walker through every night of discouragement and danger, when hope had well-nigh fled, and led him into a large place, and finally bestowed upon him the palm of victory. In every stress and storm of life he was brave and fearless, standing like an unswaying Gibraltar against the wild encroachments of the surging tides of injustice and cruelty, but in wonted days he was vine and flower. His disposition was sunny, and children were drawn to him as by some invisible magnet.

No one ever appealed to him for aid or sympathy and received it not, for kindness was his natural poise, and to every wailing cry from breaking hearts for deliverance from the cruel bonds of oppression, he always gave the listening ear and the helping hand. Approachable and courteous at all times, to even the humblest human being, he was truly a kingly man with a kingly soul, for as Emerson grandly says, "the great man is always willing to be little."

There is a pretty legend of an old man's wondrous masterpiece, which avers that a century ago in the North of Europe stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that won-

derful face. It had a strange and fascinating history.

When the cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, and fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he himself had wrought there,—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his youthful years. And when the artists, and the sculptors, and the workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that placid face, they said: "This, indeed, is the grandest work of all, for love hath wrought it."

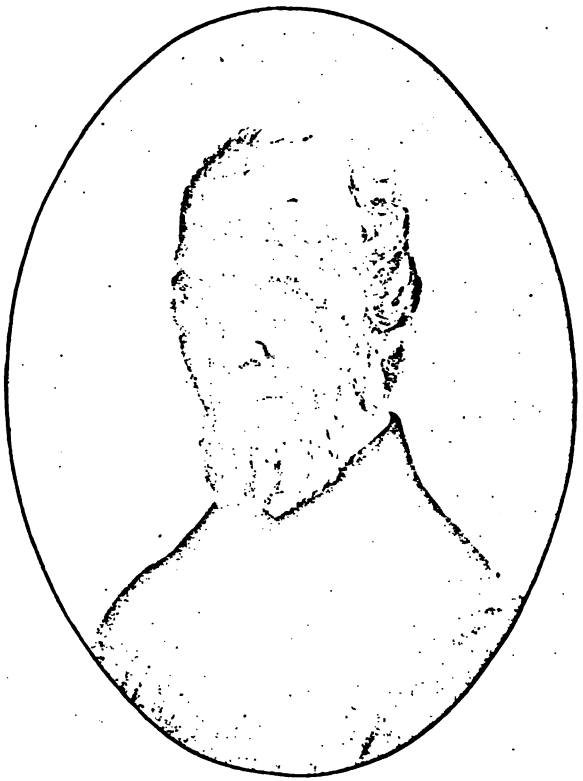
It was in some such spirit as this that Jonathan Walker wrought, not indeed on cathedral arches, but upon the living temple of humanity. His pitying heart melted at the sight of his fellow-men doomed to a life of hopeless bondage, for no other reason than that the Almighty had created them of darker hue than himself.

He believed if the glorious sun of liberty could shine through the windows of the bondman's soul with its illuminating power, that some of the hidden divineness of human nature would sooner or later be revealed. So year after year he wrought, like the old sculptor of the legend, and though despised and rejected of the builders, to-day he, and his faithful compeers, have become the head of the corner, and their labors will be more and more appreciated as their valorous deeds and patriotic services are often recounted. The rising generation, especially, needs to learn by heart, through what thorny paths, and with what bleeding feet, the

pioneers of freedom have pressed on, turning defeats into victories, and all culminating in that glorious day when the shackles fell from four million slaves.

From Jonathan Walker to Abraham Lincoln what wonderful changes were wrought in the condition of the colored race! And who, to-day, would turn back the dial of the years and restore the old order? The auction block has been transformed into the school-house, and the slave-pen into the college, and upon the remolding influences of education and religion must rest the highest hopes and aspirations of this strangely unfortunate people.

In the living and dying of such men as Garrison, and Walker, and Douglass, and Lincoln, and all true reformers, the world is made the richer, and their achievements serve as beacon lights to guide humanity onward and upward to still loftier moral heights. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty enlightening the World, as it stands on its lofty pedestal at the entrance of New York harbor, is an object of admiration to all beholders, its flaming torch kindling ever anew the fires of liberty in the human breast. So the branded hand of Jonathan Walker, immortalized in verse and sculptured on enduring granite, is a silent but eloquent reminder of the world's progress in justice and humanity.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE BRANDED HAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER IN 1846.

Welcome home again, brave seaman ! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day,—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn !

They change to wrong the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart of humanity, too legible for doubt !
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from footsole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honor ! than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set ;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND.

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back from Syrian wars
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scymitars.
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man !

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave ;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angel trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God !

For while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest of Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine,

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Savior knelt,
And spurned, the while the temple where a present Savior dwelt:
Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto him!

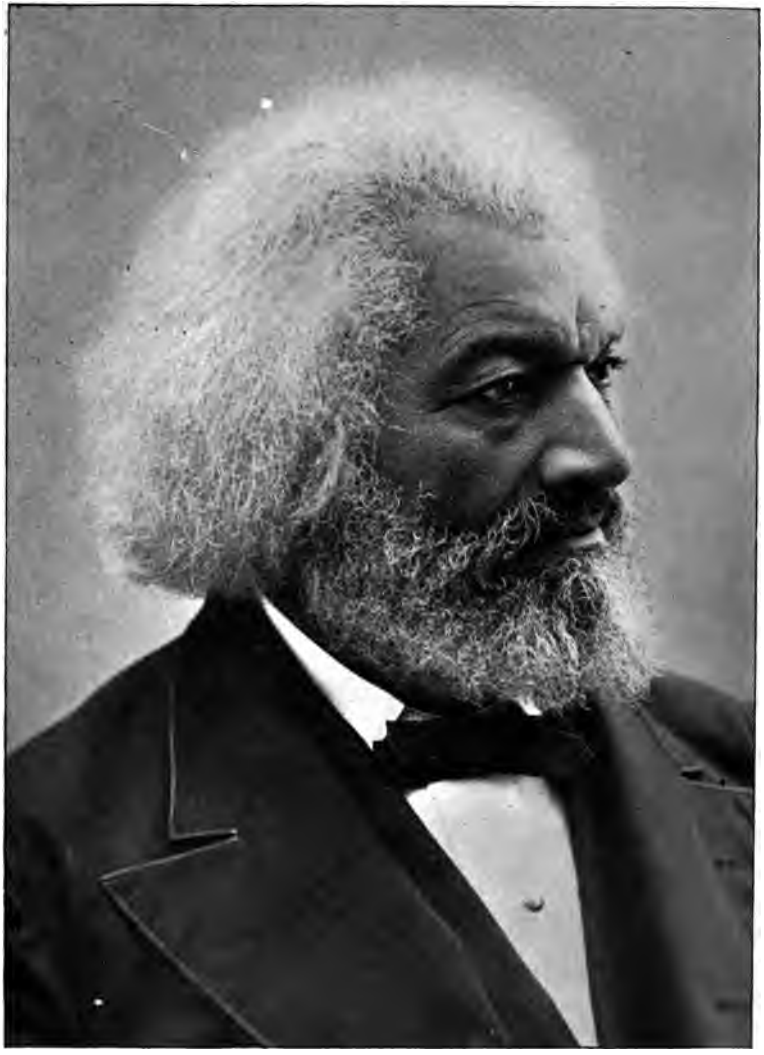
In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know.
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need,
But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air,—
Ho! men of Massachusetts for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard, like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that sign,
When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line;
Woe to the State-gorged leeches and the church's locust band
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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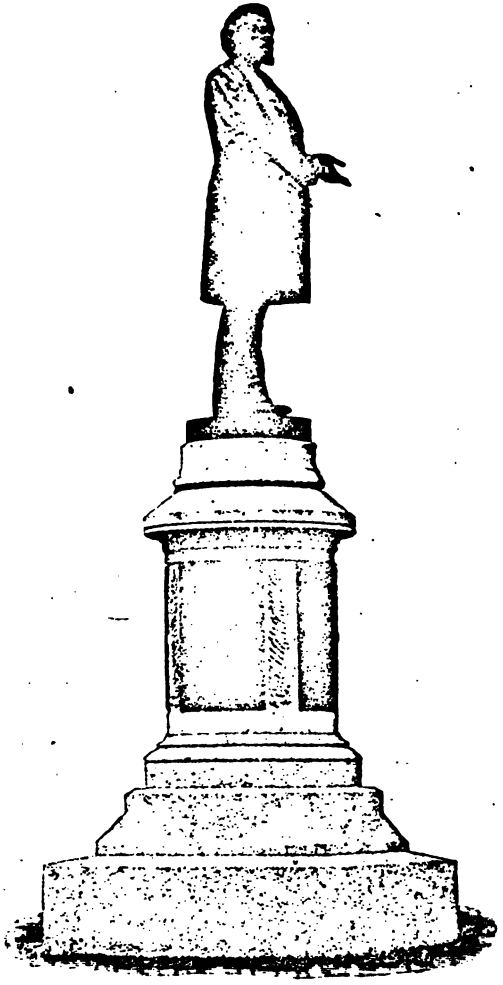

DOUGLASS MONUMENT
AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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The 20th of November, 1894, J. W. Thompson, in Eureka Lodge, No. 36, F. and A. M., suggested that a committee be appointed for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of the Afro-American soldiers and sailors who had fallen during the Civil War. Mr. Thompson was appointed chairman, and with characteristic pride in the achievements of his compatriots, the Hon. Frederick Douglass favored the project in the following letter :

ANACOSTIA, D. C., December 3, 1894.

Mr. J. W. Thompson.

MY DEAR SIR—I am more than pleased with the patriotic purpose to erect in Rochester a monument in honor of the colored soldiers who, under great discouragements, at the moment of the national peril, volunteered to go to the front and fight for their country—when assured in advance that neither by our own Government nor that of the Confederates would they be accorded the equal rights of peace or of war. The colored soldier fought with a halter about his neck, but he fought all the same. I shall be proud if I shall live to see the proposed monument erected in the city of Rochester, where the best years of my life were spent in the service of our people—and which to this day seems like my home.

Yours very truly,

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Some time during the month of December, Hon. C. S. Baker, Hon. H. S. Greenleaf, and J. W. Thompson met in Mr. Baker's office and decided to erect a shaft in memory of the colored soldiers and sailors and place upon the top of it a bronze statue of Hon. Frederick Douglass. The project of the above monument met with some opposition. J. W. Thompson, the chairman of the committee, notwithstanding, continued with the work of raising funds. The death of Mr. Douglass occurred at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C., Feb. 20, 1895. The following day Chairman Thompson made the announcement that the monument would be erected in memory of the fallen leader, Frederick Douglass. The contract was let to the Smith Granite Co., Westerly, R. I. The bronze statue, eight feet high, stands on a pedestal nine feet high, made of the finest Westerly gray granite. Total height, seventeen feet, massive and dignified—a splendid likeness of the deceased patriot. On the four sides of the granite pedestal are bronze tablets on which appear these inscriptions:

On the east side of the shaft is the following, taken from a speech made by Douglass on the famous Dred Scott decision in 1857:

"I know no soil better adapted to the growth of reform than American soil. I know no country where the conditions for effecting great changes in the settled order of things, for the development of right ideas of liberty and humanity, are more favorable than here in the United States."

West side is the following extract from a speech on West Indian emancipation, delivered at Canandaigua, August 4, 1857:

"Men do not live by bread alone; so with nations, they are not saved by art, but by honesty; not by the gilded splendors of wealth, but by the hidden treasure of manly virtue; not by the multitudinous gratifications of the flesh, but by the celestial guidance of the spirit."

North side are these quotations from the speeches of Douglass:

"The best defense of free American institutions is in the hearts of the American people themselves."

"One with God is a majority."
"I know of no rights of race superior to the rights of humanity."
South side:
"FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

The sculptor was Sidney W. Edwards. The corner stone was laid by the M. W. G. Lodge of F. and A. M. of the State of New York, July 20, 1898.

The Monument was unveiled Friday, June 9, 1899, the impressive ceremonies being witnessed by a vast multitude of people, coming from all the neighboring towns. Governor Theodore Roosevelt lent his presence to the eventful occasion, and made the principal speech.

The Mayor of the city, Hon. George E. Warner, extended cordial words of welcome to all. Mr. John W. Thompson acted as chairman, introduced the speakers, and read letters from President McKinley and others.

Hon. Wm. A. Sutherland delivered an eloquent eulogy on Douglass, couched in most classic phrase. Miss Gertrude Aleath, little daughter of Chairman Thompson, at a given signal, pulled the Stars and Stripes from the monument, revealing the large bronze figure of Douglass. An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Alexander Walters, D. D., Bishop of the A. M. E. Church, and the singing was done by a chorus of thirty voices, who rendered very effectively a song entitled, "His Name Shall Live Forever." A tribute to Frederick Douglass by the G. A. R. was read by Sherman D. Richardson. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. J. Adams, pastor of Zion A. M. E. Church, Rochester. The members of the Douglass family present were Mrs. Helen Douglass, widow of Frederick Douglass; Mrs. R. Douglass Sprague, and the sons, Charles R. and Louis H. Douglass.

Letters were received from President McKinley, John C. Dancy, Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts, Ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback, of Louisiana, Rev. Dr. C. G. Ames, M. D. Conway, E. P. Powell, J. Thomas Fortune and others.

The following condensed biography will be of general interest:

Frederick Douglass was born in Tuckahoe, Talbot Co., Maryland, February, 1817. His mother was a negro slave named Harriet, and his father a white man. He was owned by Col. Edward Lloyd, and took his master's name.

He secretly learned to read and write, was employed in a ship-yard in Baltimore, and September 3, 1838, he fled from slavery and went to New Bedford, Mass., where he changed his name from Lloyd to Douglass, and married, supporting himself and family by day labor on the docks and in shops. In 1841 he became agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In 1845 he published an autobiography, and soon after went to Europe and lectured on slavery. In 1847 he began at Rochester, N. Y., the publication of the *North Star*, the title of which was afterwards changed to *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. After slavery was abolished his paper was discontinued, and in 1870 he became editor of the *New National Era* in Washington. In 1871 he was secretary to the Commission to Santo Domingo, later Minister to Hayti, and United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, Washington, receiving his appointment from President Rutherford B. Hayes.

He died February 20, 1895, at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C., after attending a meeting of reformers that day. He lies buried in beautiful Mt. Hope Cemetery at Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN W. THOMPSON,

Chairman of the Douglass Monument Committee.

The subject of this sketch came to Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1883, and accepted a responsible position at The Powers, which he fills with marked ability and popularity. He entered immediately into the affairs of the people of the city, and by his splendid executive ability, his untiring energy and activity, has done more than any other man to advance and promote the welfare and best interests of his race in that community. There has been no public movement or enterprise started for social, literary, commercial or political advancement of his people which he has not supported with unflagging zeal. He has always been active in politics, and has held many honorary appointments. He is at present a member of the Republican County Committee, which position he has held for many years with satisfaction to his race. Mr. Thompson was a great admirer of the late Frederick Douglass, and enjoyed a large measure of that great emancipator's confidence. He early conceived the idea of erecting to his memory a suitable memorial, and as chairman of the committee in charge of the project he has labored in and out of season, often alone, and always in the face of opposition, for its completion. It is a magnificent tribute to the memory of Douglass, and reflects lasting credit on the labor, energy and sacrifice of Mr. Thompson, who is most highly esteemed by the best people of Rochester, and, being quite a young man, his sphere of usefulness may yet develop broader and better plans for the advancement of his race.

J. W THOMPSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, On the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things the following, to-wit:

That, On the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That, The executive will on the 1st day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for repressing said rebellion, do, on this 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaim for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to-wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans, Mississippi,

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense, and I recommend to them, that in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done [L. S.] at the city of Washington this 1st day of January in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The work of emancipation in the United States was completed at the adoption of Article XIII. of the amendments to the Constitution, and the reconstruction of the States in rebellion, upon that basis.

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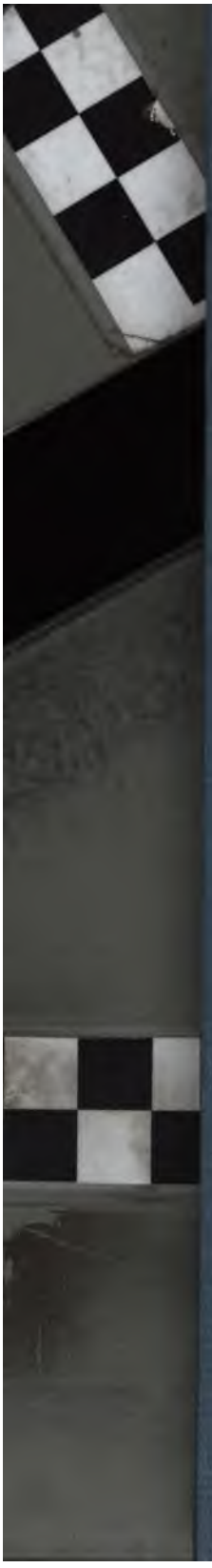

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The man with the branded hand.
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